GÉROME

PHOTOGRAVURE & IMP. GOUPIL & C^IE

J. L. Gérôme

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JEAN-LEON GEROME

SPECIAL LIMITED EDITION

GÉROME

A COLLECTION

WORKS OF J. L. GEROME IN ONE HUNDRED PHOTOGRAVURES

EDWARD STRAHAN

SAMUEL L. HALL

INTRODUCTORY AND CRITICAL.

SAINTE-BEUVE *has somewhere a pleasant word on our modern rage for types. "In the present day things march on swiftly, and you pass immediately into a state of 'type.' We do not wait for fifty years of probation and quarantine; you are a type at gunshot distance and on the morrow of your decease. Type, in our mythology of abstractions, in our new æsthetic Pantheon, is what was formerly called demi-god,* DIVUS. *You have your altars. A type no longer has defects. We criticise and cheapen an individual, a genius in his personal and private capacity; we do not cheapen our types. Towards them there is an amnesty ready for everything, and everything belonging to them is transfigured. We accept them in confidence; we do not give them advice; we do not discuss. They have attained their immutability; they are, because they are. They do not now have to make up and present their accounts. What was called an error yesterday, presto! has changed its name, and become the plain trait of character and the signifying thing, when once they are granted to be types. They are consecrated."*

It would be pleasant to be able to hear what will be said of Gérôme the painter when he has passed into his justification, and when the critics, who now exert themselves because there is a chance of correcting him, will have nothing to do but to estimate him as a specimen. To compass this, they will measure him by his central and higher

works; by the tendencies which are distinct in his greatest things, and only tentative in his ephemeræ. But is it not possible for one who knows and loves him well to project himself, with a special effort, into the twentieth century, and construct, by main force, the estimate which will then be made of him? I should like to try.

The taste of the time tends to drift diametrically from him, and to exult in a triumphant painting of still-life. Yet, I hope, when Vollon and Munkácsy have worked all their will; when realism is quite perfected and done; when the last veil of distinction shall have disappeared between the perishable object, in its reek and sweat and savor, and its immortality on canvas; that Gérôme will only shine out the distincter for the contrast. The last of the nineteenth century classical painters, "growing old in an age he condemns," I have yet hopes that there is a brain in his work which will live on when painting of the senses shall have had its day.

His more characteristic creations are deeply moving—piercingly pathetic—poems. Such are the POLLICE VERSO, the AVE CÆSAR, the NILE PRISONER, the EGYPTIAN RECRUITS, and other inventions that are distinct appeals of eloquence. The purpose to be moving, to gripe the heart, is equally proud and challenging in its pretension when he selects pure history, as in the DEATH OF CÆSAR, the PHRYNE, the CÆSAR AND CLEOPATRA, the DEATH OF NEY; it shows itself, too, with distinctness, in inventions which he values less, as the MASKED DUEL, the portrait of RACHEL. In each such composition, even in the historical ones, he builds precisely like the poets in their more deliberate epical works; he constructs, in forms of chosen beauty, an apparatus for the enslavement of the imagination,—essays a careful and calculated grasp of our feelings, just such as was essayed when "Christabel" was written, or "Sohrab and Rustum," or "The Pot of Basil," or "In a Balcony," or "On ne Badine Pas avec l'Amour," or "Albert Savarus," or "The Scarlet Letter," or "The Mill on the Floss." It is a poor definition of narrative poetry which will not accommodate all these different works, along with the "Ave! César, Morituri te Salutant."

And let me pause to point out here that the invention of deliberate, suggestive poems on canvas was a notion introduced by the French school of art. I have never seen this claim enunciated in set terms; but let us see if it be not a valid one. The exceptions that would naturally be made—the appeal for other nations—would,

perhaps, occur in thinking of such painted poems as the Pisan "Triumph of Death," or Raphael's "Calumny." Attention to the history of art will restore this innovation to the French. It began with them as soon as they formed a school, and Gérôme continues the effort, we may even suppose, with a sense of national responsibility.

About 1640, *Poussin, a French artist, painted the "Et in Arcadia Ego." Poussin was a student of Dominichino's; but Poussin never found the hint of such an invention either in Dominichino or in any Italian. It was his French intelligence, his lucid national rhetoric, which impelled him to invent a rich and moving lyrical poem, and to express it in terms of painting. The Italians before him, in the sense of deriving their conceptions—with the doubtful exceptions at Pisa—and the Greeks before them, never got beyond the function of the illustrator. Raphael either illustrates the scenes of the Bible, or he illustrates the Psyche story of Apuleius, or he and Holbein both illustrate Lucian's account of Apelles' "Calumny;" Titian's "Sacred and Profane Love," probably misnamed, is too obscure of purpose to be called a poem; if we could find its author's title, we should see it to be a merely didactic lecture, like Leonardo's "Modesty and Vanity." The Greek artists only illustrated their legends, and their highest efforts at pathos—the "Dying Gauls" of their Pergamus, or the "Dirce" and "Laocoön" of their Rhodes—were hinted to them by history. It was for French art, in the person of Poussin, to intrude into painting precisely like a poet constructing the most moving epic he is capable of inventing. He imagines the young Arcadians, in what Balzac calls the insolence of health, stumbling on a tomb; the tomb cries to them, with the sublime peevishness, the inexpressibly unhappy boast of its tenant, "So was I an Arcadian!" "Above all, who shall celebrate, in terms of fit praise, his picture of the shepherds?" cries Hazlitt, in ecstasy. "The eager curiosity of some, the expression of others, who start back with fear and surprise, the clear breeze playing with the branches of the shadowing trees, the 'valleys low, where the mild zephyrs use,' the distant uninterrupted sunny prospect, speak, and forever will speak on, of ages past to ages yet to come." When he thought out this thing of pure invention, not history but parable, with its musical, lyrical cry, its eloquence of the ode, and its imagery of created grace, Poussin was not Poussin—he was beneficent France, enriching the world with a* GENRE.

So does France continue to enrich it. The lucidity, the clearness of intention and expression, characteristic of the French mind, makes this nation unrivalled in presenting a statement within narrow bounds, wherein any distracting feature is eliminated, and serves them at once in constructing either a drama or a picture, both expressed in terms of unmixed poetry. It is indifferent whether this drama is history or pure invention. Gérôme tries either impartially, still dwelling on the poetic thread that goes through the theme. It was for French art, continuing the vein which may turn to ballad or to epic with the dignity of the topic, to adopt the splendid subject of "Octavia Fainting at the Reading of Marcellus' Elegy by Virgil," an incident before unthought of by art, and so treated as to bring a rare and difficult tear into Roman history. Virgil, in the Brussels painting by Ingres, pronounces the "Tu Marcellus Eris;" Octavia listens, about to swoon; Mæcenas hears with a scholar's grief, and Augustus drinks darkly the praise of his race, chanted from a tomb. This treatment of history is purest song.

But Gérôme rises from elegy and from ballad into unequalled tragedy. There are teeth and talons in his grip of a subject. One day he chooses to make us pity the gladiators. Educated in brutality, deprived of noble culture on system, carefully schooled to be wild animals, chosen from the ergastulum of a venal master, they know but one nobility, a brave death; just before their fate—a majestic outburst thrown before from the grave—this dignity finds a cry: "Hail, Emperor, those about to die salute thee!" Vitellius, bridling and content, withdraws himself into his creases of fat, and leans on a flabby wrist to hear the homage. It is the work, I think, of a great tragic poet to select for this corrupt horde, whom we are accustomed to respect only physically, their one great opportunity, in which we can respect them for their instant of magnanimity. The appeal of whole worlds of oppressed classes rings in their shout, with its perfection of unselfishness. It is too long a story to tell what a thing of beauty the artist makes out of his treatment of this subject: how his lines of architecture, his peak of a gigantic awning overhead, affect and still the mind with a breathless sense of majesty, like the grandest scenery of mountains. Again, the painter wills that we shall consider the Vestals. Rome invents religious celibacy, a summit of purity never imagined by Greece; but in perfecting this chaste ideal, her votaresses are Romans still. As the beautiful youth in the arena is

bestridden by the monstrous Gaul, theirs is the arbitration of life or death; and behold! the arena whitens with their leaping arms and fills with their breath, all demanding his destruction. What painter, what playwright, ever imagined such a situation, as these purest creatures, immaculate as ermines, bloodthirsty as tigers, throng the picture with their consenting harmony of vindictiveness? When was ever such a pencil of light concentrated on one of the moments that paint an epoch? It is not the correctness or incorrectness of the archæology that affects me in this painting. Gérôme now says that the archæology of the "Ave Cæsar" is defective, and that of the "Pollice Verso" much improved. It is neither for better or worse antiquarianism that I appreciate the pictures; if they were as ignorant as a pair of Rembrandts, the great brain which found such a theme as either would still seem to me astonishing, one of the rarest of human intelligences. In similar pre-eminence of invention the painter deals with the "Death of Cæsar." How the architecture focuses with the scheme, fills it out, gives it emphasis and order! What painter ever invented such a combination, in which tessellated floors, and colonnades hung with the galley-prows of the pirates, seem to assist the drama, and to surge and cluster with the groups? In the "Cæsar," as in the "Ney," the device of leaving a dead body alone with the spectator in extremest foreground, and separated by a void space from the other personages of the scene, is used with bewildering effect, the impression being helped by the inexorable reality with which the bodies are designed. At another time he determines to elucidate the Greek temper, throwing over every consideration for that of beauty, as no other historical temper ever did. He might select Helen and the Elders, but that is an old story; he takes the majestic Areopagus, forgetting Eumenidean justice and hoary order before the bosom of Phryne! In the "Nile Prisoner" he shows some proud Mameluke carried to Mohammed Ali for a sentence of injustice, with a smiling Spahi playing the mandolin in his ear, like a musical insect that sings and stings. In the "Egyptian Recruits," the free men of the desert render themselves up to military slavery, patient and sad, with the liberties of the desert around them. In "Dante" he has revealed the curse of human loneliness of the man who had seen hell. In fifty at least of his more deliberate inventions—and, I repeat, I would judge no producer by his ephemeræ—this great inventor, in whose mind Heaven has placed the power of tragedy, has created a tableau of consum-

mate composition, of daring choice, of incisive relevancy, of memorable influence.

These pictures are painted in the manner of the grand stylists, without the least concession to the painters of "bits," who turn all question of merit into the treatment of still-life or bric-à-brac. To these he is as deaf as was Ingres, or David, or Michael Angelo, or Leonardo. I am not saying which coterie is right, and I appreciate as highly as any one the marvels of the "morceau," as represented by able realists. But I have observed that epic poets have a different choice of words from vernacular and dialect poets, and I do not look in the pages of my Dante for the terms of Pulcinello. I have observed that the best old frescoes discard bric-à-brac representation; that Raphael, even when he prepares so small an easel-picture as the "Vision of Ezekiel," adheres to his grand statuesque manner, his reticence of trivial statements or facts about texture. I observe that Baudry, decorating the Opéra, goes to Rome for years to catch "le pli de Michel-Ange," and comes back, painting texturelessly without blame. In his case this seems to be accepted as a concomitant of the grand style. At the present day easel-pictures must be painted, and not grand walls or big altar-pieces. Perhaps, on reflection, the critics will kindly allow these to be executed sometimes in the grand manner, with the Dantean or Leonardesque choice of terms, as kindly as they allow Raphael's little "Ezekiel" to be so painted, or Baudry's great ceiling.

I enjoy with all my capacity the works of the greater realists, and when a bit of execution comes before me that just hits a nail on the head—gives me a "bit" happily mastered, a texture luckily imitated, a scheme of values maintained to the point of illusion—no spectator is more delighted. But I have had the pleasure, on the other hand, of studying certain temperaments, and from what I observe of the methods by which the bric-à-brac painters work, I am certain that there are minds that would never stoop to their successes. Gérôme, I am convinced, would hardly care to learn the tricks of texture, if they must be got with devices, or by the use of implements, that would make him lose absolute control over his drawing at every point. If the public knew the arts by which texture is commonly got—the wiping away of bitumen with rags, the notching of flat brushes into something like garden-rakes, the scratching with sticks and matches, the waiting for megilp to get tacky, and then the torture of it into superb effects; the

ignoble roughening of impasto into arbitrary representations of earth or wall, the sketching with the edge of the thumb-nail in wet color, the trowelling with a spatula, and other tricky juggles, more worthy of the wood-grainer than the artist—he would respect less than he does some of the most wonderful pieces of illusion in the galleries. He would see, at least, that a certain class of tempers, and those not the meanest, will always scorn to be carried away one inch from controlled construction and drawing by a device for texture, however brilliant; that the rapturous enjoyment of chiaroscuro and harmonious values is a distinctly sensual pleasure, while that of noble composition and lucid statement is an intellectual one; that Michael Angelo will never bring himself to sacrifice his modelling of Moses' pudic cheek for a device to scramble with the hair upon it; that the grand style, in fact, is a style of selections and of reticences, and that they are blessed who have chosen the better part.

EDWARD STRAHAN.

19 Lafayette Place, 1881.

IDYL

IDYL.

THIS graceful scene in the idle and dreamy life "in the great kingdom of Nomansland," was painted in 1852, only five years after Gérôme's first picture of the Cock-fight. We believe that it is one of his few "poesy" pictures, that is to say, not belonging to the group of classical, or historical, or Oriental. The date of this far-away scene cannot be placed by any of the histories; the country in which it takes place is visited only by dreamers, poets, and painters, and not always with profit by them. In Sparta the young virgins ran naked in the races once a year, but they never idled under the sun in this way with young men and fallow-deer. It is not Sparta; it is nowhere, the country back of the north wind, the land east of the sun and west of the moon, a region where all things are enchanted, and where nothing is tangible and certain save the absence of the commonplace. Lucky are they whose eyelids are anointed like M. Gérôme's, who can penetrate into this delectable land and bring back to us outside barbarians such pleasant scenes of the life there, the manners and customs and people whom we may never see. And indeed, M. Gérôme does not make this voyage very often—there are those envious who say he cannot—he prefers the tangible lands that we may all see, the streets of Cairo, and the Desert, and the Bois de Boulogne in the early and snowy morning. But, once in his life at least, when he felt the stir of a young man's life in his blood, he made the voyage which is not included in "the grand tour," and this is the scene that he saw there. A

semicircular fountain set in an arched niche of stone-work, overgrown with broad-leaved aquatic plants, and presided over by a carved figure of Eros sitting cross-legged and Buddha-like in a circular recess. On each side of the fountain, after the manner of heraldic supporters, a young man and a young woman, smooth-limbed and shining, and between them a spotted deer, who comes up to drink and lifts her graceful head inquiringly to the damsel. The pavement on which these three stand is composed of long, narrow bricks, which, if they were of this world, would be called Roman; by the side of the young woman stands a water-jar; her companion holds in his hand a bunch of flowers; he looks at her and she looks down, after the manner of young people in all countries, known and unknown. The light which falls on their bodies is soft and diffused, neither sunlight nor moonlight; their beautiful feet cast no shadows. There they stand, gracious and idle, no vulgar cares to wrinkle their young foreheads, no material and unwelcome duties to call them away; and the moral they preach unspeaking is that there are such things in the providence of nature as Peace and Beauty and Serenity, for if they are there in that distant country, they must be here in this world somewhere, all attributes there being but projections and shadows of some good things here, and it may be well worth our while to pause a little sometimes in our portentous bustle and seek out the better part, which is somewhere around us. It is rather curious that the head of the girl in this picture bears some resemblance to that in the portrait of Rachel, which M. Gérôme has placed in the foyer of the Théâtre Français. The young man, like his companion, has evidently devoted some unctuous attention to the arrangement of his hair, and his smile is not quite so open and pleasant as we should expect to see in fairy-land. To us the young man seems to have the bad "French" look, furtive and precociously libertine. The painting of these nude figures is worthy of a professor in the School of the Beaux-Arts in Paris, and the girl's thighs and the shoulder supporting her weight are especially fine renderings of the character of flesh, its texture and color and form.

This little-known painting is of special interest, because it is an outcome of the golden period when Gérôme led his small coterie of Neo-Grecs in the "châlet" of the Rue Fleurus. The young men, Hamon, Picou, and our painter, working, as Gautier euphemistically declared, with ivory palettes at tables of *citrus*, from unprofessional models which the theatre and opera were proud to furnish, turned out canvases of which this is the typical pattern. Nothing had then been done in modern art so Greek in spirit.

SAINT JEROME

PAINTED 15[illegible]8

SAINT JEROME.

AT different periods M. Gérôme has devoted two paintings to his patron saint—this present one, exhibited in 1878, and a much larger figure executed for the Church of St. Severin. It was our fortune first to see this canvas on the walls of one of the smaller, semi-public exhibitions opened by certain of the artists' clubs in Paris during the season when the Salon is closed, and to see it in company with a group of the élèves of M. Carolus Duran. Their technical scorn of Gérôme's "color" was naturally something impressive; they complained that the saint's reverend stomach was bluish-green, and that his thighs were far too yellowish. "No wonder the lion will not touch him, he will soon be in the state in which Lazarus was found at his resurrection!" And they protested further that the halo around his head was composed entirely of a greenish worsted material; in which latter opinion we are bound to say they had a certain amount of reason. But they found the manner in which the lion was "put in" "bien fort," and before the modelling and foreshortening of the old man's body they took off their hats. Gérôme's undisputed skill in drawing the human body is nowhere better shown than in this most difficult academy-study; there is not a marking or a sinew, from the worn and earthy feet to the unmistakable sleep in the closed eyelids, that does not bear witness to the surety of his knowledge. The lion, too, is a noble beast faithfully given, and the spectator accepts it as a new truth in the world that the soft and

tawny side of the sleepy monarch would really make an excellent pillow for a tired head. But they who are nothing if not critical, may well be disposed to doubt if the painter has succeeded in giving a "picture of holiness" "tableau de sainteté," technically speaking. That the venerable hermit did not really bear in his figure or form any more direct evidences of his divine mission than M. Gérôme has given us is more than probable, but when he comes to be represented in "art" he must be made to translate himself in more subtle fashion than by merely putting a ring of fire around his head. This materialistic *déraillement*, this lack of ideality, is not at all confined to the French school of the present day, though it is often a very great sinner in this respect, and Gérôme is by no means the most hardened. Compared with Bouguereau, for instance, who gives us Venus born from the sea-foam, and Hamadryads tormenting a satyr, with the faces of pretty Parisian ladies, the Vesoul painter rises very much in our esteem; but if we place his mystical and religious paintings by the side of those of Puvis de Chavannes, or Olivier Merson, or Bastien-Lepage, we cannot but be struck by a certain want of spirituality in his style that has provoked numerous criticisms from the best Parisian writers, criticisms that, as a matter of history, have a certain value. "M. Gérôme does not know either the transports of the imagination, nor the transports of the technical execution; he has the spirit of the Parisian, alert, light, and sceptical; he lacks absolutely the ideal in the sense which the Academy gives to that word; he renders marvellously that which he sees, that which he observes, but he is incapable of elevated conceptions. . . . . The internal sense of sacred subjects, as well as the sense of decorative art, fails completely in this painter." Perhaps, but we doubt; if a painter "fails completely" in a sense of sacred things, and in a sense of decorative things, it comes to pass that he paints vulgar and ugly subjects; *e.g.*, subjects like M. Manet's "Un Bon Bock." But Gérôme, who is always dignified and refined, whose style is so clean and accurate and bloodless and decorous, whose compositions are always so skilful and harmonious, he is to be set a long way from the sweaty and realistic crowd who do "lack absolutely the ideal." In fact, the critic whom we have quoted wrote before the days of M. Manet and M. Zola, or he might have modified his language.

[illegible]

MOORISH BATH.

FOR all his fertility of invention, M. Gérôme is fond of occasionally grazing one of his victims several times, a dozen variations on one theme, possibly as an opportunity of exhibiting the versatility of his skill, like Paganini's concerted piece on one string. Among these subjects of his predilection is the ingenious presentation of Eastern women in the bath-houses, and indeed the contrast of graceful, warm-tinted nudity and the coolness of color and largeness of space in those vaulted marble halls, with the occasional and exceeding blackness of the Nubian slaves to give an accent, this contrast and harmony is enough to tempt a painter; and the skill of this particular painter is such that we are not at all troubled by the reflection that neither he nor any other man ever actually *saw* this Moorish lady at her luxurious ablutions. We may be sure that by a skilful combination of chosen models and studies of interiors the painter obtained data for something exceedingly like the scene he chose to illustrate. And it may be said that the shrinking and doubtful glance of this slender young woman is much more like that of a beauty unaccustomed to finding herself uncovered even in privacy, than like that of the professional model, to whom her habit of nudity becomes almost as much a matter of indifference as to our lady mother Eve. An evidence of the painter's distinction, which a surprisingly large number of his fellow-craftsmen entirely miss, is this supposition of a native timidity in undraped womanhood. In the East, the hammam, or bath, is a favorite resort of both men and women of all classes among the

Muslims who can afford the trifling expense which it requires; and not only of human beings, but of evil genii, unfortunately, on which account, as well as on that of decency, several precepts respecting it have been dictated by Mohammed. It is frequented for the purpose of performing certain ablutions required by the religion of the faithful, or by a regard for cleanliness and its salutary effects, and for mere luxury. Edward William Lane, the distinguished Arabic scholar, says that the public bath comprises several apartments, with mosaic or tesselated pavements, composed of white and black marble, and pieces of fine tile, and sometimes of other materials. The inner apartments are covered with a dome having a number of very small, round windows for the admission of light. It is through these openings that the long and vapor-powdered rays stream down in our present scene, and splash in brilliant little ovals on the wall and the floor and in the damsel's hair—an effect of light which Gérôme has amused himself more than once by depicting, with varying success. The baths in private houses are similar to the public ones, but on a smaller scale, generally consisting of only two or three chambers. It is probable that this Light of the Harem is in her own private establishment, as the chambers in the public bathing-places are much larger than the one in which she and her dusky attendant find themselves. The slave has rubbed her mistress' supple form all over, the soles of her feet possibly with a coarse earthen rasp, and her limbs and body with a woollen bag which covers the hand as a glove, has kneaded her flesh like good dough, and is now carefully preparing the lather with soap and water and fibres of the palm-tree, to complete the ablutions. Then will follow a cup of fragrant coffee for the fair bather and the delightful and dreamy relaxation which ensues. Let us hope that in her idle waking dreams she may have no knowledge of the barbarians and unbelievers who have ventured to profane her privacy.

AVE! CÆSAR, MORITURI TE SALUTANT

AVE! CÆSAR.

SOMEBODY has declared that there is more of Rome in this painting than in a volume of Gibbon, which is a good deal to say. Most of us can remember the vivid effect it produced when first exhibited, and although the painter has since said that he had not sufficiently studied the types of his gladiators at that date, it remains undoubtedly one of the most tremendous presentations of an aspect of ancient civilization that the genius and research of a modern has presented to his time. The composition of the drama is broadly simple: the first series of fights in the arena is ended, a second band of gladiators, heavy and light-armed, march in for their combat, and, as they pass before the throne of the emperor, they salute him with uplifted weapons and clanging shields: "Ave! Cæsar, morituri te salutant!" "Hail! Cæsar, the dying salute thee!" The yellow afternoon sun sifts down through the great purple and white awnings; the vast valley of the coliseum rises tier over tier, crowded with spectators; and slaves and attendants are dragging away with ropes and great hooks the bodies of the slain, and sprinkling fresh sand on the bloody footprints of the former struggle. In the drawing and grouping of this band of hoarse, shouting gladiators, Gérôme has exhibited even more than his usual very great skill in design, and the additional figures which complete the composition, the unarmed and draped *lanista* or trainer who conducts them, the monumental bulk of the fallen giant in front, and the three figures of the dragging slaves in the background, are put in with the consummate skill

of this draughtsman *hors concours.* The lolling Vitellius above, behind the figures of the four flying victories which adorn the front of his tribune, and with his flabby countenance like that of a retired army commissary, receives this tremendous salute with a Roman's complacence. To his right are the Vestals in their white robes, and to his left the temporary favorite turns her long neck slowly to listen to the idle compliments of a bearded senator. The perfumed smoke from the burning censers in front of the emperor drifts idly in the air, as he sits between chastity and its opposite; it is truly the lust of the eye and the pride of life, the world, the flesh, and the evil one. But already the brief eight months' reign of this cruel and coarse emperor are drawing to their close, and the imperial messengers are now waiting at his chariot-wheels to announce to him that the legions engaged in the Jewish war in Syria have proclaimed their general emperor, and, with Vespasian at their head, are on the march for Rome.

The gladiatorial combats of the Romans, which they derived from the Etruscans, and they from the far East, were originally only funeral games —sacrifices of slaves and prisoners to the manes of a departed chieftain. Achilles is shown adopting the Asiatic custom at the funeral of Patroclus. Virgil speaks of captives sent to Evander to be sacrificed at the funeral of his son Pallas. After a time, all considerable funerals were solemnized by human sacrifices, which, in Etruria, finally took the form of combats. These contests at first took place at interments, but afterward in the amphitheatre; and, in process of time, instead of a funeral rite became a common amusement. The first recorded in Roman history is a show of a contest of three pair of gladiators, given by Marcus and Decius Brutus on the death of their father, in the year of Rome 490.

Our painter has neglected history for purely artistic reasons. It suited his antithesis to select Vitellius, whose name is engraved on the podium of the imperial tribune; but Vitellius never sat in the coliseum, which was not begun until the reign after his own, nor finished until the time of Titus. It is not known that there was any stone amphitheatre existing in Rome in the time of Vitellius, that of Statilius Taurus having been burned in Nero's fire, and even the wooden ones of Scaurus and Curio having been of a temporary nature for special celebrations. Our artist can hardly mean this grim lesson of Roman power to utter itself anywhere but at Rome. We are, therefore, to suppose that, choosing Vitellius as the type of imperial degradation, he boldly projects him into the typical amphitheatre of the future.

SOUVENIR OF [illegible]

SOUVENIR OF CAIRO

SOUVENIR OF CAIRO.

GÉRÔME, in this bit of Cairene street-life, exhibits some of his best flesh painting and some carefully studied drapery, and if his lovely sitter is not of the very best Arab society, she is certainly picturesque and poses very well. She is veiled indeed according to the law of the Koran, but her veil is of the slightest, and her oval and indolent countenance may be seen by all, even by the two Bashi-Bazouks, who come down the dark little street in their curious tight trousers. She is probably a slave and a dancing-girl. Eastern ladies still observe faithfully enough the injunction to keep their faces covered from all men, although of late years the demoralizing progress of Western ideas has altered even the observance of this custom. By the strict law of Mohammed a man is allowed to see unveiled no woman but his own wife and slave, and those female relatives to whom the law prohibits his uniting himself in marriage; nay, he may not even see his own niece unveiled, though he may not marry her. A slave may lawfully see the face of his own mistress, but this privilege is seldom granted to any slave but a chamberlain. The Mussulman is allowed by the law to see the face of the woman he proposes to marry before the contract, but in practice this liberty is seldom obtained except among the lower orders. An infringement of this commandment for the veiling of women is held by the orthodox to be extremely sinful in both parties. "The curse of God," says the Prophet, "is on the seer and the seen."

Yet it is very often disregarded, as in the case of our present damsel. She sits carelessly on the mastabah or stone bench outside the house, trussing up one knee with both hands in an attitude that is only ungraceful in conventional salons; her long pipe rests on the ground beside her, her slippers drop from the toes of her supple feet, and the multitudinous folds of her heavy trousers make a capital scheme of drapery about her lower limbs. Her dimpled and well-rounded arm is excellently rendered by the painter's technic, and the blank space of wall behind her gives due effect to all her "values." The wealth of her warm and glowing color lights up the sombre and bare little street like a flame; it is worth while stumbling down the narrow passage-way, braving the many odors and scattering the many dogs of an eastern city, to come upon such a Fatimeh as this. And we hope that the coffee-house or inn in which she exercises her terpsichorean profession is near by, that we may have an opportunity to rest our wearied limbs while we sip the black decoction of the Arabian berry and watch her supple dance. In 1857, three years after his trip to the Danube, Gérôme visited, for the first time, both Upper and Lower Egypt, and brought back from thence a great store of sketches, studies, and souvenirs like this present canvas. Whether he verified in so doing the Arabs' opinion of their own countries he has nowhere recorded, but it would be interesting to know if he found, with Kaab-El-Ahbár, that treason and sedition are most peculiar to Syria; plenty and degradation, to Egypt; and misery and health, to the Desert. Of women it is said by the same wise man that the best in the world (excepting those of the tribe of Kureysh, mentioned by the Prophet) are those of Bassorah; and the worst in the world, those of Egypt. It has been the fortune of other Franks voyaging among the Arabs to hear those clever Mohammedans confess that their nation possesses nine-tenths of the envy that exists among all mankind, but there is still enough of that useful commodity left in the Western world, among the Giaours, to induce some of them to wish that the streets of their own too practical cities furnished such brilliant artistic motives as this girl of Cairo hugging her knees by the wayside.

DONKEY-BOY AT CAIRO

[illegible]

EXECUTED FOR H. GOLDSCHMIDT, PARIS

DONKEY-BOY OF CAIRO.

HALF the Orient is symbolized in this dappled beast, with its red head-gear, and the other half in this sleepy rascal, with his head of a young Memnon in ebony. The patient endurance of the ass is not a bad type of the Egypt of the present day, bullied and overloaded both by its own masters and those coming from the greedy bourses of Europe; while the boy's face is a revelation to eyes from the frozen North. Nothing less than a thousand years of sun could have produced him. His is like one of those faces of the colossal figures that front forever the burning sands of the desert; his mouth is like the Sphinx's, but open, and with no secrets to utter. Truly, the wonders of this land of heat and fire are worthy the painting. As for that patient and much-abused animal, the donkey, he is almost as well adapted for pictorial purposes as for those of transportation, and the apologies of the artists are due him for their unreasonable neglect. Who that has ever seen a neat specimen of the *Equus Asinus*, and has an eye for structural beauty, has not stopped to admire his gray and yellow dappled coat, with the black cross forever laid on his shoulders, his mincing pace, his clean little legs, and the mingled patience and thoughtfulness in his fine dark eye? Do we not learn in Judges, v. 10, that the great of the earth were accustomed to ride on white asses; is not the wild ass of the wilderness chanted by Job, who had the "barren land" for its dwelling and "the

range of the mountains" for its pasture? Does not Xenophon, in his Anabasis, describe the wild ass as swifter of foot than the horse, and its flesh as like that of the red deer, but more tender? Go to! is not this domesticated onagra worthy of having his portrait painted by Gérôme? And painted here he is, to the life.

Our Memnon-headed philosopher is deep enough, seemingly, to devise some such cunning scheme of plunder as that with which two of his compatriots are credited. They saw one day a countryman walking along, dragging after him, at the end of a rope, his ass, and one of them said to the other, "I will take this ass from this man." "How wilt thou take it?" "I will show thee." And he quietly loosed the donkey from its halter and gave it to his companion, who rode quickly away with it, while the first knave, inserting his own head in the noose, followed the countryman till his friend was out of sight. Then he stopped, and when the donkey-owner looked around and saw his halter upon the head of a man, he said, "What art thou?" "I am thy ass, and my story is wonderful, and it is this: I had a mother, a virtuous old woman, and I went to her one day in a state of intoxication; whereupon she said to me: 'O my son! turn with repentance unto God (whose name be feared!) from these sins.' But I took a staff and beat her with it; and she uttered an imprecation against me, upon which God (whose name be exalted!) transformed me into an ass, and caused me to fall into thy possession. To-day, however, my mother remembered me, and God inclined her heart toward me; so she prayed for me, and God restored me to the human shape as I was." And the countryman said: "There is no strength nor power but in God, the High, the Great! By Allah! O my brother, absolve me of responsibility for that which I have done unto thee in riding thee and in other things." Then he left the sharper to go his way, and returned to his house, distracted with anxiety and grief. His wife therefore said to him: "What hath afflicted thee, and where is the ass?" And he related to her the story. But after some days, when he went to the market to buy himself another beast, lo! he beheld his own ass for sale. And when he recognized it, he advanced to it, and putting his mouth to its ear, said: "Woe to thee, O unlucky! Doubtless, thou hast returned to intoxication and beaten thy mother again. By Allah! I will never again buy thee!" And he left it and departed.

KING CANDAULES

KING CANDAULES.

EVERYBODY has heard (at least since this picture was painted) of the story of Candaules, King of Lydia, his beautiful wife, Nyssia, and the captain of his guards, Gyges. We think it is Herodotus who first tells it, how that, some twenty-five hundred years ago, when the manifold tribes of Asia Minor were in the midst of that complex stir —national, social, and dynastic—out of which afterward arose the great Persian Empire, the foolish Lydian monarch was quite "damned in a fair wife." Proud of her beauty, he was found one day drunken enough to vaunt it over their cups to his officer, and to put the latter under royal orders to watch that night when the queen disrobed; and when his astonished consort detected the spy fleeing from his place of concealment, the end of that dynasty was accomplished. For, the next day, Gyges, sent for by his imperious mistress, was given the choice of his own instant death or the putting away of his master and the reigning in his stead. Like the lover of the Lombard queen in the last days of the Western Empire, the soldier chose the latter alternative, and was crowned red-handed. Naturally this subject offered many attractions to M. Gérôme: the dramatic interest of the scene, the study of the nude, and the archæology of an unexplored period. It was painted in 1859, the year of the "Death of Cæsar," and was one of the most notable of those paintings in which the critics protested that he had sacrificed everything else to a desire to amuse the public. It could not be denied that he had succeeded in so doing. The king, one of those broad-shouldered, narrow-witted men of

whom history is full, is already stretched on the royal couch, and his action of watching with some apprehension the result of his plot is ingeniously given. The queen, in the act of lifting the last of her draperies over her head, stands with her graceful back to the spectator, and the captain of the guard is escaping by the chamber door, but so openly that his discovery seems inevitable. It is perhaps worthy of record that the painter has changed the figure of the queen since its first painting. In its former state, when the picture was engraved, the lady stood in a somewhat different pose, with both arms elevated, and no part of her face was visible, only the back of her fair head covered with a sort of close turban. The reason for the change was evidently to complete the action by showing her in the act of detecting the unwelcome intruder. A sword, a harp, and some sprays of palm are suspended on the fluted Doric column at the foot of the alcove in which the bed is placed; at its head is a tripod-stand, on which rests the perfume-burner; and the tall candelabrum against the wall is ornamented at its base by a four-winged, four-armed figure, similar to those of the genii on Assyrian bas-reliefs. The coffered ceiling of the room looks very Roman, and the ornamentation of bucklers, honeysuckle-pattern, and laurels over the bed, forms a very good decorative "motif" indeed, whether it be Lydian or Parisian.

The year 1859, the epoch when this picture was produced, hardly saw M. Gérôme at the climax of his powers as a restorer of archæology. The task was a difficult one, documents for the representation of a Lydian court being absolutely wanting. If the Cyprian excavations had then been made, our painter would probably have inspired himself from those treasures to represent a period of art when Eastern craftsmen borrowed Assyrian and Egyptian forms, combining whatever was decorative in those types with an unscrupulous spirit of eclectic Phœnician appropriation. Using the material at his hand, the painter seems to have arranged a scene in French taste, the trimmings only being antique; the *ruelle* for the royal bed, with its columnar forms and heavy canopy, is simply a Louis Quatorze idea, curried off with archaic ornaments. Yet the combination was more striking and ingenious than any that had then been produced, and the "King Candaules" was particularly praised for its archaic air. Since then, the Tanagra figures have been discovered, and have made the modes and habits of Greek life familiar to us; and our painter, in the year of grace 1881, has undertaken a journey to Greece, whence he will doubtless be inspired with some hitherto impossible realizations of old Greek life.

RECREATION IN CAMP (THE RUSSIAN BAND)

[illegible]

DIVERSIONS OF THE RUSSIAN CAMP.

DURING the year 1854, M. Gérôme made a journey into Turkey and along the banks of the Danube, in company with M. Gôt, of the Théâtre Français,—the same actor who, only the other day, as the first of his profession ever so distinguished, received the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor. This present picture of "Camp Recreation" is one of the souvenirs of that voyage, possibly inspired by the old story of the Czar Peter the Great, who, in his determination to have an orchestra that should be perfect in its drill, arranged one in which each performer was to have but one note in the scale for his portion, and to strike in with that note whenever required, under peril of Siberia. In the present military scene each performer of the concert devotes himself to his part of the score with true Tartar imperturbability; only the leader in the centre of the oval which they form beats time with his two triangles, with a swing of motion that may bring him off his feet. A stout fellow aids the wind instrument by inserting the fingers of both hands into his mouth in the fashion known to whistlers all the world over. The others chant under their long moustaches with a sort of solemn enjoyment. As you follow the impassive physiognomies around the ring, you are reminded of Kinglake's description of the sea of high-cheeked, pallid, tallow-color faces, under the same flat caps that the allies saw rise over the slopes of the Alma only

the next year after Gérôme's visit. Behind them, to the right, we see the low bank of the Danube, a vessel at anchor, and a sentry; on the other side a group of their comrades, the encampment, and an officer in an uncommonly tall helmet, standing solidly with his back toward us, and the inevitable knout in his hand. Overhead is a clear gray sky, and the wild geese flying in their long V-shaped flock. The whole scene is of a sincerity and a realism which the French call "seizing." But what wonderful portrayal of character in these small faces, many of them only half visible, but each one struck from a separate die!

The "Diversions of the Russian Camp" is probably the only picture of its artist which has never received an adverse criticism. On its appearance in the Universal Exposition of 1855, along with the "Pifferaro," the "Shepherd," and the enormous "Century of Augustus," Edmond About wrote as follows, embalming the present painting in his most aureate amber: "The 'Century of Augustus' is thirty-three feet long, and the public, which has a lively liking for the artist, whispered to him, without other criticism and without reproach, 'Now make us more of those little pictures you do so well!' How has Gérôme acted? He has contributed, along with that enormous canvas, two excellent little studies,—a 'Shepherd' and a 'Pifferaro.' He has again gone bravely to work. See how criticisms are best answered! His musicians are deliciously ugly; their big, innocent heads would do honor to an animal-painter. Their backs, familiar with the knout, bow with all complaisance under their gray hoods; they whistle and snuffle and sing, perfectly detached from everything of this world; their single care is to avoid a false note, which would resolve itself into blows of the knout. This military exercise they go through with the same precision as any other, while waiting for the drum to call them to the whistling concert of the bullets. The Muse who inspires them is an orchestral corporal, who struts a few paces off, in company with a leaded cat-o'-nine-tails. How finely he draws, M. Gérôme! Each fold of these soldier-coats might be signed by Meissonier. M. Gérôme will go far, very far, in the art of genre-painting; but each of his forward steps carries him away from his point of departure—the simplicity of the Greeks." The artist did not see fit to fulfil this prophecy of a mighty advance in genre-painting. He never painted another crowded genre-scene; for surely the Eastern subjects are not to be called so, preoccupied as they are with the research of beauty. The "Diversions" remains unique, universally praised—never followed up.

TURKISH WOMEN BATHING

TURKISH WOMEN AT THE BATH.

BY this painting, the bold artist, with the privilege of his profession, takes us into an Eastern privacy most strictly forbidden to men of all kinds, and most especially to unbelievers. We can imagine some zealous, but travelled follower of the Prophet, attached to the embassy at Paris, for instance, gazing on this canvas, and cursing in his heart the unspeakable insolence of the Giaour who would thus lay bare the most guarded penetralia of the private life of the faithful. And if he should find in the infidel's reproduction of this bathing-scene a truthfulness of description that startles him, he may be well inclined to attribute it to the agency of the Jinn, of whom bath-houses are a favorite resort, and who alone could have given to the Christian his skill and his knowledge. These ivory-skinned beauties and their attendant in obsidian are in the hararah, the principal and central portion of the bath, which generally has the ground-plan of a cross, and which is lighted from above by a number of small, round, glazed apertures. In its centre, and to the right in the picture, is a fountain of hot water rising from a base enclosed with marble, and which serves as a seat. These ladies have been through the various rites and ceremonies of their ablutions; they have had their flesh kneaded and rubbed and soaped and cleansed again, and now, according to custom, they are reposing after their exercises and soothing themselves with fragrant coffee, while the slave

brings them in the long-stemmed pipes, and the tobacco that the interpreter of the Prophet does not forbid to his daughters. Turkish women are especially fond of the bath, and often have entertainments there, taking with them fruit, sweetmeats, etc., and sometimes hiring female singers to accompany them. As may be supposed, an ample period of time is devoted to their toilet: an hour or more is occupied by the process of plaiting the hair, applying the depilatory, etc., and, generally, an equal time is passed in the enjoyment of rest, of recreation, or refreshment. Lane, who spent so large a part of his life in the East, says that decorum is observed on these occasions by most females; but women of the lower orders are often seen in the baths without any covering. Some baths are appropriated solely to men; others, only to women; and others, again, to men in the forenoon, and in the afternoon to women. When the bath is appropriated to women, a napkin, or some other piece of drapery, is hung over the door to warn men from entering. Before the time of Mohammed there were no public baths in Arabia; and he entertained such a prejudice against them, on account of the abuses to which they were liable, and because they were the haunts of evil genii, that he at first forbade both men and women to enter them. Afterward, however, he permitted men to do so, if for the sake of cleanliness, and on condition of being decently apparelled; and women also on account of sickness, etc., provided they had no suitable places for bathing at home. But, notwithstanding this license, it is held to be a characteristic of a virtuous woman not to go to a bath, even with her husband's permission; for the Prophet said, "Whatever woman enters a bath, the devil is with her." And as the bath is a resort of the Jinn, prayer should not be said in it, nor the Koran recited. The Prophet said, "All the earth is given to me as a place of prayer, and as pure, except the burial-ground and the bath." Hence, also, when a person is about to enter a bath, he should offer up an ejaculatory prayer for protection against evil spirits, and should place his left foot first over the threshold. These fair daughters of the Prophet do not seem to entertain any thought of his prejudices against their luxury, nor any fear of supernatural intelligences haunting the marble corridors, unless indeed in the attentive regards they turn on the negress may be read the vague apprehension, of which indeed the Oriental is never quite free, that she may be a *Jinneeyeh!*

REMBRANDT ETCHING

REMBRANDT.

DEPARTING in this painting—"a marvel of the most minute execution"—from his usual sober and even gamut of tones, the artist has depicted the *pianissimo* and *fortissimo* notes of color, the vivid contrast of sharp lights and deep shadows. To represent Rembrandt in one of those startling effects of light, of which the great Dutchman was so fond himself, was a brilliant *literary* idea which could have come to few modern painters but Gérôme. Of the success which has attended him in this enterprise, our readers can judge very nearly as well from our plate as from the original canvas. Painters have long been favorite subjects for each other (there is no profession more given to vaunting itself than theirs), but this representation of a fellow-craftsman engaged in the sister art of etching has a charm of novelty. His pose of earnest and close regard is always a good one for the artist's purpose; and the son of the miller, Hermann van Rhyn, was a picturesque type in himself, as his numerous and rather vain self-portraits testify. The original title of our painting was "Rembrandt Biting a Plate with Aquafortis," and he is given in one of the most critical moments of the noble, but most technical, art of etching. He has covered his plate with the curious composition of wax, asphaltum, gum mastic, resin, etc., scratched his design through it with the needle, built his little wall of wax around the rim, and poured on the acid over the whole surface. Now he is watching closely the "biting" of the acid through the exposed

traces of the drawing, brushing away, with the end of his feather, the little bubbles which accumulate on the lines, and which impede the progress of this corrosion. If he suffers it to proceed too far the lines are too deep, and, consequently, too broad and black, and his plate is spoiled. If his acid is found not to have acted sufficiently when poured off, it may be applied again to the whole surface, or only to portions of it, by *stopping up*, with a mixture of lamp-black and Venice turpentine, applied with a camel's-hair pencil, what has been sufficiently *bitten in*. The strong light from the window, filtered through his white-paper screen, enables him to see the most minute details of this nice operation, and around him are the few, but important, equipments of his art —bottles of acid, baths, needles, etc. Behind him is a great screen, covered with Cordova leather, which separates him from the rest of the lofty apartment in which he works, and which from its gloom and space, and high, carved seats seen in the background, bears as much resemblance to a church-loft as to a painter's studio—a most suitable place for the conception of those wondrous etchings, one for every day in the year, that have served to raise so high the reputation of Rembrandt Heomanszoon. He was born in his father's house, on a branch of the Rhine, at Leyden, but though the day of the month of his nativity is well known, the 15th of July, the year is still a matter of dispute. 1606 is the date given on the authority of the *Description of Leyden*, published in 1641 by Orlers, burgomaster of that town, under whose custody, along with other registers of the city, were those of the registers of baptism, since lost. The date 1608 rests on the authority of the painter's marriage certificate, lately discovered, dated June 10, 1634, in which he is stated to be aged twenty-six, and thus the year of his birth 1608. The details of his life need not to be given here, and the unfortunate incidents of poverty and bankruptcy, from which even his genius could not save him, and which have clouded the lives of so many of his brothers in art, lent a sombreness to the close of his career, which contrasted vividly with his brilliant prosperity during his prime. The chiaroscuro of Rembrandt's life matched his work in gloom and glory.

PIFFERARI

PIFFERARI.

THIS simple scene of Italian peasant-life was painted in the same year as the "Death of Cæsar," and wide as is the space between the two pictures, the truly catholic mind of the artist seems to have been able to bridge it, and to bestow upon the patient detail of the one and tragic archæology of the other the same untiring skill. Possibly we may imagine M. Gérôme turning to it as an alternative and relief from the contemplation of that stormy murder which overturned the ancient world. We may at least imagine the vast and smooth subsidence of the spirit with which our painter came back from the terrible senate-house and the dead imperator to this study of his three patient models in the quiet Italian street. Léopold Robert could have imagined this subject; only Gérôme could have depicted the other. It has never been the fortune of the humble cultivator of the country—the peasant, the contradino—to attract the attention of those schools of painting and sculpture devoted exclusively to representation of divinities and heroes, as was the Greek school; neither was he able to interest the artists who, like those of the Italian renaissance, sought their ideal of beauty in the association of ecclesiastical ideas with Pagan forms. These poor agriculturists—these disinherited ones—have found, however, from the times of the most remote antiquity, artists who have represented their labors, their honest fatigues, to which society owes, in fact, its material existence; and paintings discovered on the

walls of the tombs of Egypt portray rustic scenes, tillage of the soil, the harvest, the vintage, etc. In the excavations of Pompeii and Herculaneum frescoes and small bronzes depict rural types of the later days of the Roman Empire, and confirm that which Pliny tells us concerning the paintings of Ludius, "in which were figured scenes of country-life." The authors of similar pictures were designated under the name of *rhyparographes* (painters of common subjects). During the middle ages the monkish illuminators, in the miniatures of their manuscripts, and the sculptors, in the bas-reliefs with which they decorated the doors of their churches, frequently brought the peasants into their mimic scenes. In the Italian school it is necessary to descend to the time of Caravaggio to find a painter who deigned to represent the country-people; and, after him, Manfredi and Michael Angelo Cerquozzi treated with vigor the rustic subjects of their time. But after these comes a long list of genre-painters, stretching down to the present day, and including many of the great names of art: A. Minnello, Bassano and his sons, F. Zuccaro, Albert Dürer, the two Teniers, Adrien and Isaac Ostade, etc. Stefano della Bella, whom the French call the Callot of the Italian school, engraved many scenes of the humble life of the country, and his example has been followed by very many of his brethren of the burin. The celebrated "Drinkers" of Velasquez are but peasants in the company of a rustic Bacchus, and the Museum of the Belvidere possesses, by the same master, a "Peasant" who holds in his hand a flower and laughs. Murillo has painted several times the ragged children of the fields and the streets; and in the Low Countries (not to speak of Rembrandt) Peter Breughel the elder procured for himself the name of "*Boeren Breughel*" (Breughel the rustic), by his village-scenes, festivals, weddings, markets, and brawls, reproduced with an enthusiasm bordering on caricature. And some of these bucolic situations he has decorated with biblical titles, and introduced into the midst of them without scruple the Saviour and several of the saints. In this grotesque treatment he was imitated by one of his sons, commonly known as "*Breughel d'Enfer*." The piping peasants are pilgrims, playing their simple airs before every shrine they pass, in expiation of some delinquency. As the tourist gives them his obolus he prays that in their orisons his sins may be remembered. Their name, "*Pifferari*," signifies strictly players of the fife; but one of them drones through a bagpipe, and the other two have each a sort of flageolet.

AMBULANT MERCHANT OF CAIRO

PAINTED 186[illegible]

FROM THE GALLERY OF MR. HENRY C. GIBSON, PHILA.

MERCHANT OF CAIRO.

MOHAMMEDAN law requires that every man be acquainted with some art or occupation by which he may, in case of necessity, at least be able to obtain the means of supporting himself and such of his family as are dependent upon him, and of fulfilling all his religious as well as moral duties. And, as happens in Western countries, the inequalities of fortune and of men's personal abilities lead to a considerable diversity of trades and of the success with which they are prosecuted. So that we can imagine this itinerant and noisy merchant of M. Gérôme's to have taken to this mode of vending his wares because of his inability, pecuniary or otherwise, to sustain the dignity of a shop, in which his countrymen generally prefer to transact their affairs. The shops usually extend along in rows on either side of the great thoroughfares and many of the smaller streets; these streets, called by the Europeans, Bazaars, are termed by the Arabs, "*Sooks*," and a whole street, or portion of a street, will be devoted to a particular trade, and called the Sook of that trade. Behind our peddler may be seen a continuity of these very small stores, and the proprietor usually sits on the nastabah, or raised seat, before his booth, on a level with the floor of his shop. The fronts are furnished with shutters, which, when closed at night, are secured by a wooden lock, and curious stories are told of the honesty and good faith of these Eastern merchants in trusting their wares to each other's temporary custody; a traveller

relating that in one instance a money-changer thus entrusted him with the care of his money, which, probably uncounted, was deposited in the open drawers of a small chest within reach of his arm as he sat. The congregational Friday prayers called the owner away temporarily, and he had never before seen the person with whom he thus left his treasures. When an Arab quits his shop, intending to return to it the same day, he usually hangs a net before the front. The wares offered for sale by our travelling trader are mostly warlike—a long-barrelled gun, and a helmet of the kind which has come down from the crusades, called "*tás*," terminating in a spike at the top, furnished with curtains of chain-mail to protect the sides of the head, and generally with a long "nasal" in front. Displaying this stock-in-trade as he walks, and chanting loudly, with his turbaned head on one side, he winds his way down the narrow, dark street, evoking but slight attention from the passers-by and the vagabond dogs of the neighborhood. Aside from their interest as bric-à-brac, his wares are not without their practical value—his awkward-looking gun in the hands of the Bedouin of the desert will carry with great accuracy, and his helmet, if it is of the best, will turn a musket-ball. The price of a complete coat of Arab mail varies from two hundred to fifteen hundred piastres, and the most excellent is called "*Dáodee*," *i.e.*, "Davidean," from the prophet David, who was the first to manufacture armor. According to the legend, "he used to go forth in disguise, and when he found any people who knew him not, he approached them and asked them respecting the conduct of Dàood (or David), and they praised him and prayed for him. But one day, as he was asking questions concerning himself as usual, God sent to him an angel in the form of a human being, who said: 'An excellent man were Daóod if he did not take from the public treasury,'—whereupon the heart of Daóod was contracted, and he begged of God to render him independent; so He made iron soft to him, and it became in his hands as thread; and he used to sell a coat of mail for four thousand [pieces of money—whether gold or silver is not said], and with part of this he obtained food for himself, and part he gave in alms, and with part he fed his family."

PHRYNE BEFORE THE TRIBUNAL

EXECUTED IN 1861

PAINTED FOR M. H. SCHROEDER

PHRYNE BEFORE THE TRIBUNAL.

BŒOTIA was proverbial among the Greeks for the clumsiness and stupidity of its inhabitants, but from Tanagra in that province come the charming little terra-cotta statuettes with which modern explorers have delighted us, and at Thespiæ, in the same country, was born Phryne, dowered with that beauty which inspired the poets of the whole peninsula, and which has been immortalized by Apelles, Praxiteles, and Gérôme. The date of her nativity is given as somewhere near the year 328 B.C.; while yet a child she became a vender of capers, later a flute-player at Athens; but the perfection of her charms soon elevated her into celebrity, and Praxiteles chose her for the model of his famous statue in gold, which was set up in the temple of Delphos on a column of Pentelic marble, and between the statues of Archimedes, King of Sparta, and Philip of Macedon. An English writer, Mr. de Muir, selecting for his text a passage of Pliny, has undertaken to prove that the statue of the Medici Venus is none other than that of Phryne, represented in her youth by Praxiteles. Such was her beauty, according to the ancient writers, that the most magnificent works of Greek art, the Sosandra of Calamis, the Aphrodite Pandemos of Scopas, the Juno of Euphranor, could not surpass her; she was beautiful all over, says Athenæus. Once, at the festival of Neptune at Eleusis, she descended into the sea to bathe,

and thence issuing in the view of all the pilgrim Greeks—collected for the mysteries—wringing her dripping tresses, she was seen by Apelles the painter, whose models were the most beautiful women in Greece, Lais, Campaspe, etc.; and, inspired by her loveliness, he painted his celebrated picture of Venus Anadyomene. The legend, which has furnished Gérôme with his subject, declares her to have been accused of impiety, arraigned before the tribunal of the Heliasts, and, at the moment when she was about to be condemned, saved through a bold movement of her advocate, the rhetorician Hyperides, by an argument, which, more than any other, might be called *ad hominem.* Her defender, by a rapid and unexpected impulse, lifted the veil—the peplos—which draped his client, and suddenly revealed the splendor of her beauty, at the view of which her judges were seized with a sort of religious apprehension, and a fear of giving to the executioner this image of the goddesses. Athenæus says that Hyperides so moved the judges by the view of this brilliant object in his peroration, that he filled them at first with scruples and inspired them with pity at the thought of condemning to death so beautiful a creature, who was consecrated to the worship of Venus, and served religiously in the sanctuary of that goddess. This painting of M. Gérôme's was exhibited at the Salon of 1861, and did not escape criticism on the score of morality. A French writer of the time says: "We are more inclined to reproach the painter with not having realized in his Phryne a type of beauty more in accordance with that of the Greeks. In the middle of a tribunal, of which the judges, very numerous and nearly all aged, draped uniformly in red robes, are seated in a semicircle on seats raised one above another, Phryne stands upright in the pose of a statue, clothed only in her sandals, and veiling her eyes with a gesture of modesty which, feigned as it is, is none the less graceful. Her advocate, Hyperides, holds still in his hands the light peplos of a blue color, ornamented with thin plates of silver, which he has just lifted from her. The judges testify their surprise and their admiration by gestures and looks of forcible expression.

The figure of Phryne has been copied as a statuette in ivory and silver. All cavil at its original and piquant style of beauty has now disappeared, and it is considered the best pose invented by Gérôme. The painting of the flying drapery is one of the finest things in modern art, the painter having overcome the almost insuperable difficulty of designing a bit of moving costume with all his usual photographic accuracy.

LOUIS XIV AND MOLIÈRE

PAINTED

THE PROPERTY OF JAMES H. STEBBINS, NEW YORK.

LOUIS XIV. AND MOLIÈRE.

MADAME CAMPAN, reader to the daughters of Louis XV., in her anecdotes, is the somewhat doubtful authority for the famous story of "Louis le Grand" dining with the Comedian, to the great confusion of his courtiers; and, whether true or not, the world is indebted to the lively lady for standing godmother to two of the most brilliant *genre* paintings of the modern French school. Monsieur Hégésippe-Jean Vetter, the Alsatian artist, in his painting in the Luxembourg, from the Salon of 1864, has given us the same scene that Gérôme has been enamored of (and has painted it with almost equal brilliancy, if the truth must be told); and he quotes, for the explanation of his picture, this legend: "Louis XIV., having learned that the officers of his household held Molière in disdain, and had refused to dine with him at the residence of his chief purveyor, made him sit down one morning at his own table, and, serving him with a wing of his own fowl, selected from his night luncheon, or "en cas de nuit," said to the courtiers, whom he had caused to be introduced, 'You see, me, Messieurs, in the act of eating with Molière, whom the people of my house do not find good enough company for them.'" That the king and the actor *did* break bread together is confirmed by an anecdote recorded in the life of Molière by M. J.-L. le Gallois, Sieur de Grimarest, published in Paris in

1705. M. de Maurilain and the player being at Versailles, at dinner with the King, His Majesty said to Molière, "Here is your doctor; what does he do with you?" "Sire," replied he, "we reason together; he orders me certain remedies, I do not take them, and I am cured." M. de Maurilain was the "le Médecin" for whom Molière made the third petition which stood at the head of the original edition of "*Tartuffe*," when he demanded of the King a canonicate at Vincennes for the son of this physician. And that "*Le Roi Soleil*" lavished his benefits upon Molière, who had an hereditary post near him as groom-of-the-chamber, is well known; "he had given him a pension of seven thousand livres and the license of the king's theatre; he had been placed to stand god-father to one of his children, to whom the Duchess of Orleans was godmother; and he had protected him against the superciliousness of certain servants of his bedchamber." But in an age when the prosperous "*Bourgeois*" held himself as much above the "*Comédien*," as the fine courtier was considered to be above *him*, even the monarch's puissance and constant favors could not obliterate popular prejudice, and give the *comédien*, whom they saw every day on the boards, the position and rank which his genius deserved. "Molière's friends urged him to give up the stage. 'Your health is going,' Boileau would say to him, 'because the duties of a comedian exhaust you; why not give it up?' 'Alas!' replied Molière with a sigh, 'it is a point of honor that prevents me.' 'A what!' rejoined Boileau; 'what! to smear your face with a mustache as Sganarelle, and come on the stage to be thrashed with a stick? That is a pretty point of honor for a philosopher like you!'" But abandon his profession he would not—possibly he could not—and on February 17, 1673, he had a fit on the stage while pronouncing the word "*Juro*," and was carried home only to die.

It is as a young man, still strong to run his race, that M. Gérôme shows him to us, seated opposite the youthful king and almost as much embarrassed at his honors as the discomfited courtiers who crowd at the back of the monarch's chair, and veil their confusion as best they may. The king's patronizing gesture is in the somewhat doubtful taste of "*le Grand Monarque*." Mazarin himself, if we may trust the painter, was not spared the "*désagrémens*" of this awkward scene, and the embroidered table-cloth, which a captious critic has objected to as the "principal personage of the scene," serves by its beauty and importance to connect the two ends of the rather long canvas.

ALMEH PERFORMING THE SWORD-DANCE

PAINTED 1880

BELONGING TO GEN. CHARLES CROCKER, SAN FRANCISCO

SWORD-DANCE IN A CAFÉ.

RATHER curiously, it happens that most of the scenes of Oriental life which the painter has reproduced are those which involve some flagrant violation of the strict precepts of the Koran. The public bath-houses, which he delights to represent, are haunted by evil Jinns, and the Devil enters with every bather, sayeth Mohammed; the unveiled face of a woman draws down the wrath of Heaven on her and on him who sees it; not only is the drinking of wine most strictly forbidden, but of coffee the orthodox entertain the gravest doubts; dancing is something which it is unworthy of a true believer even to witness; and of music, the Prophet was almost as severe in his condemnation as of wine. "Singing and hearing songs," said he, "cause hypocrisy to grow in the heart, like as water promoteth the growth of corn;" and musical instruments he declares to be among the most powerful means by which the Devil seduces men. An instrument of music is the Devil's muezzin, serving to call men to his worship. But the passionate and sensuous Eastern mind finds it impossible to follow strictly the letter of this law, and Art utilizes those very scenes which the Prophet views from the heights of his Paradise with an eternal wrath. We have come a little late, the slow swaying with which she began has given way to a more lively movement, and the strains of her half-barbaric orchestra have quickened in

time with her more rapid motions; her silken and transparent draperies float around her neck and arms, and in front of her naked feet; her lips are parted, and her dark eyes, seen through the gauzy veil, light up with the fire of the immemorial East. Great strings of gold coins rise and fall on her breast, and her right hand, armed with a sabre, waves and threatens, but so smooth and sure are her movements, that another weapon, poised edge uppermost on her head, does not lose its perilous equilibrium. Across her and behind her the sunlight falls in long diagonal bars; the three musicians sit cross-legged on the ground in the rear; in the distance an indolent customer takes his coffee from an attendant, and another, bearded and turbaned, descends the short flight of steps that lead from the street. The girl, caught to the life in the very midst of her action, is like a personification of the splendor of the Orient, and the three ebony musicians behind her can voice only the chants of this land of the sun. The foremost of them (possibly the dancer's husband, as is generally the case among this wandering tribe, the "Ghawazee") plays upon a curious sort of viol, called "kemengeh" in Egypt and Syria, though its name is Persian, and more properly written "kemángeh," which signifies a "blow-instrument." The sounding body (called "kokkah") is a cocoa-nut, of which about a fourth part has been cut off, and is pierced with many small holes. Over the front is stretched a piece of the skin of a fish of the genus silurius, and upon this rests the bridge. The neck, or arm, is of ebony inlaid with ivory, and of a cylindrical form; at the bottom is a piece of ivory, and the head in which the pegs are inserted is also of ivory. The foot is of iron; it passes through the sounding body, and is inserted into the neck to the depth of four or five inches. Each of the two chords consists of about sixty horse-hairs, lengthened at the upper extremity by a piece of lamb's-gut, by which it is attached to its peg. The stick of the bow is usually of ash, the string of horse-hair. The second player blows through a sort of flute, called the "nāy," of which there are several kinds, differing in dimensions. It is generally a simple reed, pierced with six holes in front, and sometimes one at the back. Occasionally a portion of a gun-barrel is utilized for this instrument. The old woman who completes this barbaric orchestra, and composes in herself the chorus, beats her "tar" or tambourine, sways her head indolently, and chants to the dancer:

> "O damsel! thy silk shirt is worn out and thine arms have become visible;
> And I fear for thee on account of the blackness of thine eyes."

ITALIAN SHEPHERD

PAINTED 186[illegible]

ITALIAN SHEPHERD.

GÉRÔME'S ambition is unappeasable; with a facility of invention in the matter of "subjects" for his paintings that is unsurpassed, he is not content till he has tried his talent on that most *banal* and stupid and tiresome and timid of models—the Italian peasant. Here he is, with his sheep and dog, his ragged cloak, his long hair, and his absurd *cornemusa*—just as fatiguing as he is in the flesh on the Spanish Stairs in Rome, or the rue Notre Dame des Champs in Paris, or selling chestnuts on Broadway. Never was the parable of the servant with one talent better exemplified than by this idle and prodigal people, with their one gift of animal beauty. In how many canvases do they posture, from the time of Salvator Rosa down to the present? How many picture galleries are considered to be "a judicious selection" without at least one representative of these swarthy humbugs? We confess our spleen rises whenever we come across another painting of "Italian Peasants," and the very distinction of style shown in their portrayal, as in this specimen of Gérôme's, only increases our disturbance. Why did he not take another scene, if he wanted to paint a blaze of sunlight? Why should any man, even a peasant, in our age of sophistication, undertake to revive Arcadia in this futile manner, tramping along in the dust with his woolly flock at his heels, and droning at a bagpipe as long as himself. But

how uncommonly hot it is in this picture, so that the very sheep open their mouths, and how the whole procession comes toward you out of its frame! But Gérôme is never commonplace, and he has given us a dog that for sly and pure wickedness of aspect is much more worthy of belonging to Dr. Faust than to this keeper of muttons. Possibly the tending of flocks on the Campagna is not a very lively employment, and a bagpipe is at least harmless, when you are out of ear-shot, and is certainly a picturesque weapon of offence. And the poor rogue is not to blame for being handsome, and for wearing a slouch hat when he never heard of any other kind. The painter has seen the no thoroughfare of his way, and paints such as he no more. When we reflect on the Italian Peasants that have figured in Art, such as those boneless ones of Robert Fleury, posturing between the heads of their oxen in their Return from Harvest, with (half) a load of grain wreathed with flowers on their cart, and their sisters and sweethearts dancing and striking tambourines to welcome them—why, then we are able to regard with more toleration this honest bandit of M. Gérôme's. He looks somewhat like Garibaldi in his youth; he has a good, manly stride, and his bagpipe is certainly a superior specimen of that ware. It is a curious fact—not generally known, we think—that this wind instrument was in use among the Hebrews and Greeks; and in Europe it was among the favorite instruments in the fifteenth century, and was in common use up to the eighteenth. Now, fortunately, its range is much limited. Our shepherd produces his melody by blowing with his mouth through a tube into his leather bag, the music proceeds from three pipes whose mouth-pieces are inserted into the bag, the wind being forced out by pressing the latter under the arm. One of his pipes, the *chanter*, is a kind of oboe with eight holes, and is similarly handled; and others, called *drones*, sound each only one continuous low note. The country-people in Poland, the south of France, and in some other countries, share with him an affection for this not too sweet-toned instrument, and in Scotland, as we all know, it is a national attribute.

TWO AUGURS

PAINTED 1861

EXECUTED FOR MM. VAN DER DONCKT BROTHERS, OF BRUSSELS

TWO AUGURS.

SOME of M. Gérôme's critics have thought it worth their while to protest against the subject of this painting as flippant and irreverent, as travestying antiquity. M. Paul de St. Victor, who is generally amenable to reason, said at the time it was first seen: "M. Gérôme renounces, decidedly, all pretensions to design, to taste, and to style; he devotes himself to the art of amusing the public, and of putting antiquity into vignettes, as Benserade put Roman history into rondeaux." This very reproach implies the high things expected of the artist as a didactic teacher. But why should not he unbend? Must we be more respectful to the Romans than they were to themselves? If Cato could wonder if two augurs ever met without grinning at each other, shall not Gérôme paint them doing so? Our painter having attacked the Roman civilization with his heavier weapons, shall he not this once try the light shaft of irony? As for his renouncing "all pretensions to design, to taste, and to style," that is an open question. In this picture, one of his few humorous ones, he has given us Cato's jest with a sharpness that sets us musing, as the sight of hearty laughter in another does. The stout old *flamines*, with his pointed cap and his true priestly bulk, holds out in amused contemplation his *lituus* or curved wand, with which, standing on the summit of the Capitoline Hill, he marked out an imaginary portion of the heavens—the *templum* in which his observations were to be made. His colleague, younger and more demonstrative, drops the corn-sack with which he has been engaged in his daily task of feeding the sacred chick-

ens, and, leaning against the ledge on which their coops are placed, bursts into sly, silent ecstasy of merriment, closing his eyes and opening his mouth, and holding his diaphragm in the extremity of his emotion. Around his head, in strange contrast with his irreverence, is twined the sacred laurel, and the long-worn and *stringy* drapery over his shoulders is a triumph of Gérôme's skill and observation. How vast the political influence and authority of the augurs was may be judged from the fact that almost nothing of any consequence could take place without their sanction and approval. "The election of every important ruler, king, consul, dictator or prætor, every civic officer, every religious functionary, was invalid if the auspices were unfavorable. No general could lawfully engage in battle, no public land could be allotted, no marriage or adoption—at least among the patricians—was held valid unless the auspices were first taken, while the Comitia of the Centuries could be dispersed at a moment's notice by the veto of any member of the augural college." It was not any one who could be an augur—the gods selected their own interpreters; that is to say, they conferred the divine gift upon them from their very birth. But an educational discipline was also considered necessary, and hence a college of augurs figures in the very dawn of Roman history. Romulus, it is recorded, was an augur himself. The modes of learning the will of the gods employed by the augurs were five in number—*augurium ex cœlo*, *ex avibus*, *ex tripidiis*, *ex quadrupeditus*, *ex diris*. The first and most important related to the interpretation of celestial phenomena, such as thunder and lightning, and was apparently of Etruscan origin. The second related to the interpretation of the noise and flight of birds; the third was taken from the feeding of chickens; the fourth from four-footed animals — as, for instance, if a dog, or wolf, or hare ran across the path of a Roman. The fifth (a vague kind of augury) from any trifling accident or occurrence—sneezing, stumbling, spilling salt at the table, etc.

The accessories of this dramatic dialogue are studied with a care that relieves the scene of triviality. The dress of each is the gentleman's cloak, the toga prætexta of white wool, woven by his wife. The head-dress of the more stately flaman is that pointed, helmet-shaped cap, bearing the hard name of *albogalerus*, shown on a coin of Cæsar himself, where he appears in his quality of augur—a mitre which the high-born *flamen dialis* was not allowed to remove at all in the day-time, and the accidental fall of which obliged him to resign his office.

ARNAUT SMOKING

ARNAUT SMOKING.

ANOTHER of M. Gérôme's favorite white-petticoated Arnauts is here smoking in the corner of his café, buried in that idle reverie so dear to the Oriental mind, dreaming, perhaps, of plunder and foray, perhaps, of the *Hooreeyehs*, who shall welcome him into Paradise, perhaps, if he is a Christian, of the tithes he shall pay to the church or the sins that he will have to confess to it. For at one time these warlike mountaineers were all Christians; but after the death of their last chief, the hero Scanderberg, and their subjugation by the Turks, a large part became Mohammedans, who distinguished themselves by cruelty and treachery toward the tribes who remained true to the old faith. In the northern part of their country, between the Black Drin and the sea, the Illyria of the Romans, is the country or circle of the Meridites, *i. e.*, the brave, who are always ready with weapons in their hands to defend their freedom and their religion—the Roman Catholic. The steep valleys of the Acheron in the south, formerly the ancient Epirus, now the districts of Suli, are inhabited by a powerful tribe, the Suliotes, who till their fields, sword in hand, and conceal their harvests in the earth. They made themselves famous by their long resistance to Ali Pasha, and are sung by Fitz-Greene Halleck in his lyric of Marco Bozarris, formerly so dear to the heart of every school-boy.

Indeed the mountainous country of these Albanians—of which the southern portion, as far north as the island of Corfu and as far east

as the Pindus range, which separates it from Thessaly, has been lately added to the northern frontier of Greece by the treaty of Berlin—is full of historical and classical reminiscences. It is one of the promontories of the Eprotic highlands pushing out into the ocean, the Acroceraunian, that Shelley makes give birth to Arethusa, when she was chased across the sea from Greece to Sicily by the river-god Alpheius. On the margin of the sea, at the site of Syracuse, the island of Ortygia, there was a copious fountain, and just where its waters mingled with the ocean, another strong spring bubbled up under the salt waves, and in these Sicilian fountains reappeared the sweepings of the temple of Olympia, thrown into the river Alpheius across the sea in Greece. At least Strabo says so. But probably our lazy smoker never heard of this pretty story, into which Shelley lugs the name of his familiar mountains.

THE MUEZZIN

PAINTED IN [illegible]

THE MUËZZIN.

ONCE more M. Gérôme finds his subject in one of the religious aspects of the Muslim's life, and in this scene he has mounted upon the flat roofs of an Eastern city, and sketched the muëzzin or muëddin chanting his call to prayer from the lofty minaret of his mosque. Five times daily, at the hours appointed by the Prophet, he sends his sonorous cry over the busy haunts below, and it is said by travellers that long practice gives to his voice a resonance and splendor of sound that the bells of Christendom do not always surpass. This call to prayer is called "*adán*," and it is the first sound whispered in the ear of the new-born babe by some male person, "because the Prophet did so in the ear of El Hasan, when Fâtimeh gave birth to him," or the adán is pronounced in his right ear, and the "*ikámeh*" (which is nearly the same) in the left. This sonorous appeal, which greets the true believer thus at the very threshold of life, and which he hears so continuously through all his days, is said to be as follows: "God is most great!" (repeated four times.) "I testify that there is no deity but God!" (twice.) "I testify that Mohammed is God's apostle!" (twice.) "Come to prayer!" (twice.) "Come to security!" (twice.) "God is most great!" (twice.) "There is no deity but God!" At each of the five daily calls to his devotions the Muslim has to perform certain prayers held to be ordained by God, and others ordained by the Prophet; each kind consisting of two, three, or four "*rek'ahs*;" which term signifies the repetition of a set form of words, chiefly from the Koran, and ejaculations of "God is

most great!" etc., accompanied by particular postures, part of the words being repeated while erect, part sitting, and part in other positions; an inclination of the head and body, followed by two prostrations, distinguishing each rek'ah. But these elaborate prayers may in some cases be abridged, and in others entirely omitted. Nor are these constant and daily devotions all that are required of the orthodox believer—other prayers must be performed on particular occasions. 1. On Friday, the Mohammedan Sabbath, these are congregational prayers, and are similar to those of other days, with additional supplications and exhortations by a minister, who is called "*Imám*" or "*Khateeb.*" 2. On two grand annual festivals. 3. On the nights of Ramadan, the month of abstinence. 4. On the occasion of an eclipse of the sun or moon. 5. For rain. 6. Previously to the commencement of battle. 7. In pilgrimage. 8. In funerals. So that the sounding organ of the muëddin does not lack for occupation, and as we see him here, so may he be found many an hour, summoning the faithful to leave for a moment their affairs temporal for their affairs eternal. Below him stretch the flat roofs and low walls of the city, but the sun is still high in the heavens, and the inhabitants have not yet ascended to the tops of their houses to seek the evening coolness. Only two dogs on the nearest roof hear, without heeding, his cry; and farther away through the still air rise other slender towers of the minarets or "*mád'nehs*" from their square bases. Over the Muëzzin's head rises the upper portions of the spire on which he stands, supported by slender columns and accessible only by means of a ladder. Of the beauty of many of these graceful specimens of Arab architecture, it is almost impossible to speak too highly, and in all the large cities of the East they are to be found in great number. Over all M. Gérôme's picture lords the stillness of the upper regions of the air, and in the pauses between the echoing chant of the criers may be heard faintly the distant cry of the wild-fowl, whose V-shaped flight serves to contrast the rigid lines of the architecture.

PRAYER ON THE HOUSETOP

PAINTED IN

PRAYER.

FAITHFUL Mohammedans never have been forbidden to pray at the street corners, after the manner of the Pharisees, but perform their honest devotions openly, before all men, wherever they may happen to be when the hour arrives which calls them to worship. And the observances laid upon the Muslim by his Prophet with regard to prayer, are many and strict, and it is to be said, to his credit, that he generally keeps them with a faithfulness that his more negligent Christian brother may well regard with some compunctions of conscience on his own account. According to the Ritual of the Koran, prayer ("*es-salah*") includes preparatory purifications. There are partial or total washings to be performed on particular occasions. The ablution which is more especially preparatory to prayer, and which is called "*wudoo*," consists in washing the hands, mouth, nostrils, face, arms (as high as the elbow, the right first), each three times; and then the upper part of the head, the beard, ears, neck, and feet, each once. This is done with running water, or from a large tank, or from a lake or the sea; or, if no water can be procured, as in the desert, sand may be used. Prayers are required by the Prophet to be performed five times in the course of every day: between daybreak and sunrise, between noon and the "*ásr*" (about mid-time between noon and nightfall), between the "*ásr*" and sunset, between sunset and the "*éshè*" (the period when the darkness of night commences), and at,

or after, the "*èshè*." The commencement of each of these periods is announced by a chant repeated by a crier from the minaret of each mosque; and it is more meritorious to commence the prayer then, than at a later time. In this noble, and truly religious picture of Gérôme's the time selected seems to be that of the third period, between sunset and nightfall, and in these grave and sincere worshippers, facing Mecca-ward, we have a testimony to the genuine religious instinct which Mohammed implanted in the breasts of his followers. Seldom has the painter been more successful than in this simple and austere composition. The flowing draperies and dark and bearded countenances of the East furnished him with noble opportunities for his careful skill in drawing, and the glowing sunset sky of the Orient floods his canvas with all the color that a painter could desire; but the composition of so many upright figures, all facing the same way, on such simple horizontal lines, might well have appalled a feebler draftsman. But with this presentation of right angles, he has made a drawing which the professors of the École des Beaux-Arts may applaud, and a painting which the Prophet might accept as a testimony to the truth of his creed. Each worshipper has removed his slippers, and stands, or sits, barefoot, on his prayer-carpet, repeating silently, or aloud, his form of words; the long series of upright lines is enforced by the distant minarets, in two of which the muezzin may still be seen, repeating his cry. But for the rest, this procession of level and perpendicular lines is broken only by two diagonals and the distant curve of a dome. The foremost bearded figure, with the Mecca-end of his carpet set properly toward the holy city, and his two hands held open before him, like the leaves of a book, lifts his eyes reverently to the glowing and fading sky, and behind him his comrades are set in a row. One old man stoops feebly to kneel, one white turban touches the ground in an obeisance, one dusky worshipper lifts against the sky deprecatory hands that the painter has drawn marvellously. Behind them a black slave, in the loosest and simplest of cotton robes, drops his arms and droops his head before a greater than any earthly master. Over and beyond them all the great, glowing Eastern day burns to its close, and the far-away cry of the muezzin summons all the world to bow once more before the one God, and Mohammed, who is His Apostle.

ALCIBIADES AND SOCRATES VISITING ASPASIA

PAINTED 1861

EXECUTED FOR THE LATE SULTAN ABDUL-AZIZ

ALCIBIADES IN THE HOUSE OF ASPASIA.

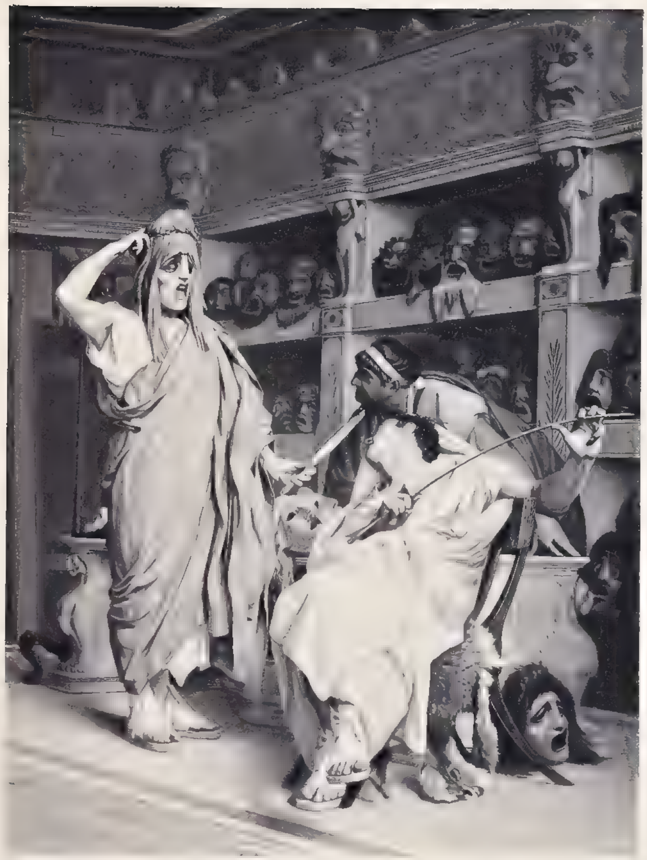
PERHAPS one of the secrets of M. Gérôme's great popular success is the minute completeness with which he gratifies one of the liveliest, if not the most dignified, of human emotions—curiosity. Every reader, college-bred or not, knows, more or less vaguely, the story of Socrates going to seek his friend Alcibiades in the house of the beautiful Aspasia, and when the first sight of M. Gérôme's painting recalls the incident to his mind, he experiences a certain obstinate desire to see and know the details of this far-away and picturesque scene Nothing can be more complete than the completeness with which the painter gratifies this curiosity. Everything is given—the physiognomies, the costumes, the actions, the furniture, the surroundings—in such an exhaustive manner, that whatever the archæologists may say, by observing the details of the picture one is made to feel quite sufficiently "seized and possessed" of all the information desired. Each of his questions is answered seriatim—the climate of Greece was just as soft and warm as this, and her citizens sat out of doors in their court-yards, under awnings, and in the slightest of robings. The historic Aspasia was very graceful and handsome and dark-haired, and thus she lay at full length on the broad couch with her beautiful bare elbows in her lover's lap; the old philosopher, we are convinced, wore a dark chlamys dropping from his shoulder; the dancing girls danced in that obvious state and were not ashamed; the wine

flasks were cooled in little marble tanks shaded from the sun; and the Athenians surely possessed a noble race of hounds, who sat on their haunches and regarded the doings of their masters with a tolerant grave attention, just as dogs do to the present day. And that the scene, with its curious freedom of costume, may not seem *too* distant and archaic to our eyes, the cunning painter sets up against the wall a cyclopean grotesque marble head, evidently taken from some really ancient ruin, and preserved in this modern court-yard as a relic of their Pelasgian progenitors. And all this is drawn and grouped with the easy and perfect skill of one of the first professors of draughtsmanship in the first school of drawing in the world; it is not too much to say that there never was born an Englishman, an American, or a German, who could have put together this composition in black and white with such ingenious and certain ability—and exceedingly few Frenchmen, Italians, or Spaniards. It has never been thought profitable, even by the most bitter of Gérôme's critics, to dispute his drawing of the human figure, but it has been said that the decorative sense fails completely in him. Certainly it would be difficult in this picture to move or alter any object, even the smallest, without injuring the composition or offending the orderly claim and need of the eye—even to the small bay twigs tied on the upright supports at the end of the awning. Try sliding one of them up or down on its pole, or turning it more to either side, and you will have an idea of the wonderful aptness of every object in this harmonious whole.

The scene is laid in Athens, under the government of Pericles, in the fifth century B.C. Between the brilliant young statesman, general, and man of the world, and the garrulous old philosopher, there existed a strong bond of friendship; indeed they had been comrades in arms, and at the battle of Delium (424 B.C.), the young man had saved the life of the old one in return for the same service rendered him eight years before at the expedition against Potidæ. But Socrates, talkative and tolerant as he was, strove in vain to restrain in the nephew of Pericles his love of luxury and dissipation, and here we have him endeavoring to withdraw from Aspasia's charmed conversation the young man in whom he has so paternal an interest.

GREEK ACTORS

THE PROPERTY OF MR PENDER, OF MANCHESTER



GREEK ACTORS.

DIONYSUS is the cheerful god to whom we are indebted for the invention of the drama, originally exhibited only at certain of his festivals; and in Greece alone had it birth, as at Athens it was brought to its greatest perfection. In the enthusiasm attendant on the worship of Bacchus did men first take to posturing and delivering borrowed sayings in borrowed identities. The ancient Greek writers tell us that the drama originated in a choral song; Aristotle, that it had its origin in the singers of the dithyramb. Thespis introduced the regular dialogue into the choral representations, and joined a person to the dithyrambic songs, who was the first actor. Phrynichus used this single actor of Thespis for the representation of female characters, although with him the lyric element predominated over the dramatic. But Susarion, about 580 B.C., seems to have been the first of all comedians; he travelled about through Greece, ridiculing, from a small movable stage, the follies and vices of his time. It is rather curious that, at first, tragedy was deemed worthy to entertain only the refined inhabitants of cities, while comedy, from its riotous fun, was judged more in harmony with the rustic habits of the country people. "Tragedy, both from its ideal character, and from the stately cothurnus and long masks in which the actors of it appeared, aimed at a representation of what was dignified, noble, and grand in human nature. Comedy, from its style of caricature, its low-heeled sock, and its grotesque masks, tried to de-

grade humanity beneath its natural level." It is, perhaps, the masks of the ancient actors which strike us as the most curious equipment of their art, and it is these truly "grotesque" visages which M. Gérôme has made the theme of this interesting bit of archæology. When they were first introduced into comedy is unknown, but they were of very various form and character, as indeed the painting shows us, and they were often provided with metallic mouth-pieces, for the purpose of increasing the power of the voice. This seems to have been rendered necessary by the vast size of the ancient theatres; the whole manipulation of the mask being indeed adapted to such immense buildings, and to a style of dramatic representation in which the ideal prevailed, and the reality of individual impersonation was far less thought of than in modern times. It is a visage of appalling woe which the speculative actor in Gérôme's painting has assumed over his own, and the effect produced by the mildly contemplative living eyes and mouth, seen through the openings of the mask as he regards himself in his mirror, is of a truly remarkable character. His two companions consider him with so lively an interest, that the spectator is inclined to the conclusion that the false visage in question is a new triumph of the maker's art, and has but this moment arrived from his workshop to figure, possibly, in the comic scenes to be first presented to the Athenian public this afternoon. On the shelves behind the trio, on the long table, and on the floor, howl and gibber and roar, in dumb show, a vast variety of face-coverings, hairy and black and bearded, but none of them can rival in tragic desolation the newly arrived, with its streaming locks, its lamentable, joined eyebrows, its dropping tears, its futile wreath, and its petrified scream of anguish. It must be "a very moving, melancholy" burlesque indeed in which it is to appear. The development of the mask into this complete covering, not only of the face, but of the whole head, with side and front hair attached to it, seems to have been ascribed to Æschylus. It certainly makes a great advance from the first painting of the face with lees of wine, and afterward with minium, in the early Dionysian worship. The earliest masks, it is said, were made of leaves or bark; thence the drama adopted its masks of painted canvas, like those which figure in the scene before us.

BASHI-BAZOUK, DRINKING

BASHI-BAZOUK DRINKING.

GÉRÔME has represented this most dreaded and famous of irregular soldiers in the most pastoral and innocent of occupations—drinking water; but Gérôme is never quite content to merely pose his model and paint him, he is much more apt to search about in the recesses of his clever brain till he finds a good "situation" in which to place his little manikin. So he plants this present one—impossibly picturesque we are tempted to think—alongside of the great white pillar that upholds the dilapidated roof of the khan, and before the huge earthen jar of water, half buried in the earth to keep its contents cool, and makes him drink thirstily of this most innocent beverage—scowling, however, over the edge of his shallow bowl to keep up his traditional character. And that his character is black enough, is proven by an innumerable host of witnesses in every tongue and dialect of the East, and corroborated by half the civilized voices of Europe—the bearded Russ leading the chorus. He is an irregular trooper in the pay of the Sultan, probably from some of the pashalics in Asiatic Turkey; he has entered the service of the Sublime Porte under some leader whom he can trust and understand, but he is generally credited with a greater readiness to plunder whenever

an opportunity offers, than to fight. During the Russo-Turkish war of 1854, these wild troops had many combats with the Cossack horsemen, but the peaceful villagers had almost as much fear of the Bashi-Bazouks as of the Russians. In the great war with the Czar in 1877 78, the inhabitants of Constantinople itself were filled with a double panic at the approach of the Russian General Gourko across the Balkans, and at the falling back upon the capital of the swarms of disbanded Turkish irregulars. Their share in the "Bulgarian atrocities" lifted them into international importance, and the genius of Mr. Gladstone trumpeted to England and to the world their infamies. Later in the war, the continued recurrence of the reports of atrocities committed by the Turkish Irregulars, had the effect of drawing from the neutral Powers, headed by Germany, a general remonstrance, which the Porte acknowledged with deference. The Grand Vizier gave orders for the distribution among the Turkish troops of a Turkish translation of the General Convention, in order that the violation of some of its rules, alleged to have taken place, and which, it was admitted, might in some instances have occurred through ignorance of the Convention, might not be repeated. But wounded, and in the hospitals, these marauders became the most tractable and grateful of subjects. An English correspondent writing from Adrianople, said: "The doctors have only one phrase about them—'they never saw such grateful patients.' How many times have I seen a soldier roll a cigarette out of his scanty allowance of tobacco, and offer it to his surgeon when his wound had been dressed, as the sole possible, but eloquent, token of his unspeakable gratitude; or, they kiss the hands of the surgeon with an earnestness that a Pope or a Patriarch might envy. As far as Dr. Bond Moore, the able director of the hospital, is concerned, his patients offer him so many substantial proofs of appreciation of his untiring services, that he will have to freight a steamer when the war is over, to take them home. A *bimbashi* made him a present of a pet lamb, captured on the road to Shipka; a *miralai* has given him two young shepherd dogs of a peculiar Bulgarian breed; and he is waiting now only for a pair of oxen to apply to the Government for a grant of land, and set up as a farmer."